SUBTERRANEAN SIDE ☮ SHOW

Vol.I Monday, April 13,1970
No.29 Cultural Cinema Club

¢¢¢ AWARDS

—By Mr. John Stobart—

Sideshow this week may startle and disappoint its masses of regular readers. There will be no stabs at the establishment, local or national, no hissing at Hoffmans, Agnews, or student leaders. No references to Ahtu or sod or litter or 60¢ hamburgers or euchre and foosball are planned. No cartoons of Rockdale Junior College or Firebird or the drive-in scene can be expected. I hope you readers appreciate the loss.

As titular ringmaster for this staff of clowns and high-fliers, I have been granted the priviledge of donning fright wig and putty nose to cavort about a bit prior to making the GRAND ANNOUNCEMENT of the CCC Awards. I dont take this favor lightly.

First, I should explain that as adviser to Sideshow, my primary role has been to avoid making too much of a nuisance of myself by creating unnecessary obstacles in the path of the students. Not well known for modesty, false or otherwise, I hasten to add that the papers strength--its regularity, diversity, relevance and wit--are primarily due to the amazing energy and considerable skill of Jim Ridings and his co-conspirators. John Goodwin, Frank Cernugel, Joe Boyle, Kevin Lagger, Ruth Swanson, and John Shields are all but equally guilty of headlong dedication to the cause.

Let no one be mistaken, however, if I may parody a famous rhetorician, Jim Ridings is Subterranean Side Show. The papers personality is Jim's: mildly cynical, comico-serious, persecuted, frustrated, involved where he wants to be--on local issues of policy and custom that affect Youth today and reflect a national pattern. From conception to layout to typing and distribution, Sideshow is Jim. Whatever the papers weaknesses--and it has a few--it is a monument to his activity at Juco this year. In the 7 years that

(continued page 4)

AWARD DETAILS

As the movie academy awards are called "Oscars," the CCC awards are to be called "Jimmys" for an equally unknown and mysterious reason. Actually, this only goes to prove what a sense of humor Mr. Stobart has. No elaboration on that point one way or the other? On with the announcement of the classes of competition and the prize money in each division. As

(continued page 6)

EASY DRIVER

THE BALLAD OF A GUY WHO WENT LOOKING FOR JOLIET AND COULDNT FIND IT ANYWHERE

by Jim Jerzycke

The other night as I sat at Greasy Mac's chomping away on my cheeseburger, a sudden thought hit me. What in God's name am I doing here? It then occured to me that perhaps a survey of all the supercars and muscle cars might be in order. I finished my cheeseburger (cold, greasy, and swimming in ketchup) and clambered out of my 69 R/T (copper, wide-ovaled, and almost out of gas), whereupon the friendly (?) "peace officer" of the JPD promptly said, "Get back in the car or you'll get busted for loitering." Revealation 1: Super-car owners court trouble with the cops for just owning a hot car. Anyway, not to be daunted. I began the ordeal known as

(continued page 2)

the department store

by John R. Shields

So how was Florida, or Wisconsin, or wherever you went? If nothing else, you must have discovered beer tastes the same there...and now you're all rested and refreshed for the big GPA push, right?...bull...DEPT OF PROTEST: Well now, everybody's against pollution to some degree certainly...but I find it a little hard to vigorously applaud the enviornmental Teach-In April 22nd...at last count, about a thousand colleges and perhaps 3 times as many high schools had fallen in line... thing is, it's hard to see what these whatever-ins accomplish, but you go ahead and do whatever you can. Undoubtably, anyone for pollution will turn their headlights on, in keeping with their traditional form of

(continued page 2)

john shields: the department store

(continued from page 1)
protest against protest... BOMB, BABY, BOMB DEPT: The old bomb bugs are back again, on the rebound from the reactionary right (remember Mississippi about 4 years ago?), now to the radical left, and who knows where it all started...the stratagem, as always, is to gain sympathy through repression, and as always, it will fail...you know, Dwight's not too far from here... wonder if Alfred Nobel heard that one? POETRY DEPT: They cheer me in each alien stadium/ Like a horse that runs well/ But there is no affection in that mob yell/ The players show some teamwork/ and slap my hands for touchdowns/ But in the staduim, I am one of the clowns./ I glory in the running, and the money/ But I am still a thing to sell/ Like my forefathers/ With the plantation bell/ When they ask me home to dinner/ like any other sinner/ They may break the spell...(Manfred Carter) NEITHER RAIN, NOR SLEET, NOR SNOW, ETC. DEPT: Tell me why it is that the truckers, railway men, and letter carriers never seem to get hit with a club or squirted with Mace...the fact that they are usually peaceful is just as true of other groups,..the fact that they directly impede the progress of the nation, and defy court orders (do you really think there will be any prosecution?) is more than relevant...incidentally, any mail today?... and the rationalization is what's amazing...Henry Zych, head of the Chicago union, made the point that they had been waiting 14 (whole) months while a bill languished in Congress...undoubtably, he's aware (but most likely unconcerned) with how long certain other groups have been waiting for such action...as Mr.Zych said, "We're tired of promises, we dont want no more promises." Now, it would be nice if the Horn of Plenty (not Agnew) would just spill over, but since it can't, there ought to be a line for waiting, and frankly, Mr.Zych and his boys would be nearer the end than the beginning...Cavett said it best, "Give them the pay raise, but mail it..."

Did you hear the one about the 60-second sex maniac? Got a minute?...LEGAL DEPT: Points for our side...we now have a legal precedent from a U.S. District Court, rendered by Judge Arthur Garity Jr...seems a student newspaper at Fitchburg State College in Massachusetts, The Cycle, wanted to print an article by Eldridge Cleaver that contained half a dozen so-called "obscenities" which offended the printer, who called the college prez who then cancelled the article...the editors took it to court and the judge ruled thus..."Having fostered a campus newspaper, the state may not impose arbitrary restrictions on the matter to be communicated. Students may not be confined to the sentiments that are officially approved. Because of the potentially great value of a student awareness and unrest, it would be inconsistent with the basic assumption of First Amendment freedoms to permit a campus newspaper to be simply a vehicle for ideas the state or college administration deemed appropriate."...JUSTICE MARCHES ON DEPT: Well, Chicago's going to have another conspiricy trial, same charges, judge, a lot of the same evidence, and probably the same prosecutor, out after that freaking fag revolution...the defendants are to be different, if they can find them,and presumable too, the jury...in view of the recent Supreme Court ruling in the Allen case that a judge may shackle and gag, confine or remove the defendant(s) on an 8-0 vote, conviction seems certain...but we wouldnt want to bet on

(continued on page 4)

subterranean side show

Published weekly by the JJC Cultural Cinema Club

Editor Jim Ridings
Adviser Mr. John Stobart
Staff Kevin Lagger, Ruth Swanson, John Shields, Joe Boyle, Mike Smith, Jim Jerzycke, Frank Cernugel, John Goodwin

easy driver

(continued from page 1)
"car hopping." My first stop was at a 1970 GTX. Rolling down the window, he said, "How's 10 bucks sound?" Meaning, of course, how would I like to lose 10 bucks somewhere on Caterpillar Road or behind Rossi's. "No thanks," I said. "All I want to know is, why are you here tonight?"

"You some kinda cop or something," he said.

"No, I'm just running a surv-"

"RUNNING? Running a what?"

"A survey. You know, ask questions, find answers."

"Oh," he said. "I like the food."

Well, so much for a GTX. My next stop was a hemi-Cuda. (That's another thing. Super-cars dont even have names like cars anymore. A Cuda. Sounds like something you'd order at a taco parlor. "Gimme a chile-cuda with onions to go"). All he did was give me a blast out of his headers, and tell me to scram before he sucked off my doors. After several tries I decided to stop at something smaller-- say a 396 CID. "Gee, a 440. I dunno...maybe after I get my tune-up and...oh, you're running a survey. I guess I like the company here." Hmmm..2 for food, 3 for the company, 6 for the girls...the list was seemingly endless. Double hmmm. Two GTXs, 3 Chevelles, 6 Road Runners; I wonder if theres some kind of connection? Oh well, by that time the cop was walking towards me (again) and I decided I'd better get back in the car again. So, there I was, back where I started from, wondering what everybody was doing at McDonalds. Oh well, it could be worse. I could be back at Juco.

franks fun house

When a woman confesses a fault, you may be sure she has committed a crime.

He:How do you feel after your ride on that horse?
She:I never thought that anything filled with hay could be so hard.

A wedding is a funeral where you can smell your own flowers.

THIS FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1970

8 PM | COLD BLOOD | 8 PM

and

INTERNATIONAL SOUL

WITH WCFL'S RON BRITTON

AT

JFK GYM, LEWIS COLLEGE

JUCO STUDENTS FREE WITH I.D.

GUESTS $3.50

COLD BLOOD THIS FRIDAY

JJC SOCIAL COUNCIL

Paid adv.

ccc awards announcement, background

(continued from page 1)

I have taught here, the combined issues of all publications (not counting the Casuals, of course) have not matched the volume of Sideshow in this one year! Moreover, Sideshow is the first student publication ir my (probably biased) memory to have an indelible and indisputable student personality.

Jim and his staff have been widely praised and censured, in writing as well as by word of mouth for this accomplishment. I here publicly add my respect and pleasure at having been associated with the venture.

So much for undiluted tribute! Here come de shaft!

The intent of the newsletter was multiple, hence the name. Unlike the Blazer, which we thought should kindle heaps of excitement and light the paths to and from the campus, or The Shield, which should protect and ornament Juco, "Subterranean" was meant to suggest figuratively "beneath the surface" and popularly "underground" or non-establishment. We hoped these connotations would attract readership that could be turned on to "Sideshow", a concern for movies and music and poetry and art--all clearly enough "freak" aspects of the culture we share. The newsletter would be a means for advertising such activities and opening lines of communication. We took all the media as our province. This includes modes of expression, ideas, and issues. We wished to establish a voice in, excuse the cliche, a community of scholars and dollars.

A fellow culture-vulture attempted the same with The Page based purely on a literary platform. It collapsed after 3 issues. Perhaps the driving force behind The Page lacked the necessary energy. Perhaps our campus is composed more of casual critics than creators. Sideshow, at any rate, tried to convey some of the excitement of the arts to the campus, especially cinematic excitement, but indirectly whatever the staff deemed worthy of focus in creating an atmosphere for creativity or appreciating creativity. The Sideshow has thrust at many perrenial dragons this year--censorship, apathy, and tyranny, to name the more obvious. However in a very real sense it has failed by becoming too successful. For a variety of reasons, the newsletter has become too much a fixture, too great a star. Those students antagonized by its spurs have not thrust back. With the noteworthy exception of a fine dissenting letter by John Harris arguing the propriety of assuming GI guilt at My Lai, college congressmen and others irritated by harsh treatment have responded by private whining or running to Mr. Pillard. The result has been far too little public confrontation. Sideshow has challenged only to be considered either beneath contempt or above criticism. Neither response is very heartwarming or productive.

Now, Sideshow has not given up. The CCC Awards, explained elsewhere, should demonstrate that CCC is still trying to promote "freaky" activities like creating or appreciating movies, tapes, poems, etc. To be really successful, we would have to turn Juco into a kind of counter-culture if these activities were to become vitally popular. Moreover, as I long ago warned Jim Ridings, the power of the press is vastly over-rated and misunderstood. Only by daily appeal to people over years and years by appeasing their selfish interests can a newspaper break through prejudices and values to alter the behavior of its readers.

However, as self-appointed chief critic and bottle washer of the Sideshows failures, I conclude the paper has too often been an end rather than a means. Too often it breaks both arms patting its own shoulders. Too often it kicks at an Agnew or Hoffman or Rowley without full enough understanding. Too often, it assumes a Juco activity as "high-schoolish"

(continued page 5)

department store

(continued from page 2)

anything in the Windy City, which once again lives up to its nickname...DOPES & DUNCES DEPT: You have to figure that now, soon, something will be done to crack down on the hard dope, heroin and the like, that has been creating a problem for a little while...thing is, the problem is no longer confined to the ghettos and underpriviledged...now its hitting home, with the nice, white, middle-class teenagers...soon we'll know who gets to wear the dunce cap; the Mafia because they wanted too much of a good thing, or the politicians, who let them have it...

PIGEON HOLE DEPT: I make note of the "race" block on the Census '70 form, which separates us into White and Black and Red, and a whole bunch of shades of yellow, like Japanese, Chinese, and Hawaiian...Hawaiian?... next we'll have Nebraskan and Idahoite, and maybe, eventually, we can have 50 different races instead of states...you aint heard nothin yet, baby!...

COUSIN JENNY

NEED: One super-terrific welder to weld my mailboxs feet to its stand. Experience necessary. Leave your name at the upside-down mailbox by the Book Exchange. Your assistance will probably save the heart of some poor, dejected lover. Thanks.

C.J.

BSU PARTY A SURPRISE

Remarked by many to be one of the most worthwhile and out-goingest gestures this year, the Black Students Union gave a surprise birthday party last Tuesday for Sponsor Mr. Robert Sterling in the Union. Food, drink, and dancing with the entire student body invited, the BSU won added friends and respect; the SSS takes this opportunity to salute the BSU.

new artistic rumor

By Ruth Swanson and Jim Ridings

The latest rumor on campus today is that the administration plans to acquire another campus fixture. Still gloating over their "bargain" in purchasing our bell, JJC is reportedly planning to purchase yet another monstrosity. The unnamed (and still unknown reason) addition to the college will soon grace the quadrangle, according to sources. Designed by Pablo Picasso...an up and coming 23 year-old artist from Lemont...this figure, unlike Ahtu the bell, will have a purpose. This creation not only blows bubbles from its magnificent pipe, but plays Brahms XIV symphony while bellowing huge quantities of black smoke out of the side of its head for no known purpose. I know this doesnt sound like much of a necessity, but then neither did our bell until our administration showed us how vital it was to our education...

"BLOW UP" COMING APRIL 21

Cultural Cinema Club has announced that it will present the highly acclaimed film, "Blowup," starring Vanessa Redgrave, next Tuesday, April 21. The film will be shown in Prairie State building during the day, and the exact times will be announced in next Mondays Subterranean Side Show. CCC also announced that they will present "The Graduate" starring Dustin Hoffman on May 13.

ccc awards

(continued from page 4)

without seriously defining the word or giving the activity a fair enough chance. Sideshow cant resist an administration dig and are too kind to faculty members except those who lock doors or fail students, two perogatives that are the faculty members by rights! With issues, Sideshow tends to be more destructive than constructive, though one should never forget the necessity for tearing down before rebuilding, and Sideshow has intended well, even when negative. Perhaps, as President Rowley mentioned a few weeks ago, campus unrest is so universal today that one should expect more negation than flag waving from those lacking the complacence to sit around and accept everything as their due. Students dont have a monopoly on the general feeling of unrest permeating our country with the continued militarism, ghetto growth, political assassinations, conspiricy trials, and pollution, so dominating our minds.

If Subterranean Side Show dies this year for want of another Jim Ridings to breathe life into it, the staff should not despair. If Sideshow has provoked a thought, shaken anyones composure, amused to the point of giggle or guffaw, and if it has remained at all responsible and objective and of service, Sideshow has achieved a lot.

In my opinion, Sideshow has been such a voice, and if I take this opportunity to dedicate this first annual CCC Awards to Jim Ridings by entitling the individual awards as Jimmys and the event as the Jimmy Awards.

relevance & writing or, a hymn to houbolt

by Mr. John Stobart

Dodging a road grader on McDonough the other day, "Zap! Saton! Gestalt!" I had an insight relevant to my life and times which might interest those of you concerned with the daily drive to Juco. The day before I had ripped off a verse to demonstrate the relationship between literature and life. It was entitled, "A Hymn to Houbolt" and went as follows:

When Houbolt becomes a Road/ A monument to local good sense/ His LEM metamorphased to toad/ And hoped for a future as prince.

For Lincoln is, in part, a log/ And St. Bernard, indeed, a dog/ And Joliet, alas, a prison.

AND

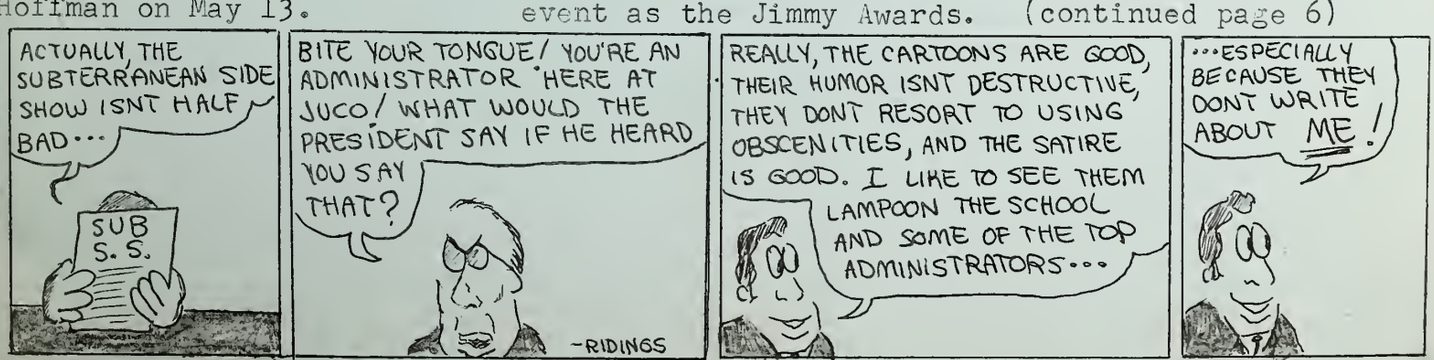
While prison also means pen/ And dog remains some's (cher's) good friend/ And log is something in accounting.

How now, Princely Houbolt?/ Your local LEM a module of shame/ The warts of your toad/ Sucked into craters in the road/ Your street a retreat from your face (me).

"Now," I thought, as the graders blade cut through the roadbed, "How provincial and small minded you have become, Old Johno. How petty your concerns! Your verse can lack point with one days work by the road grader. If Thursdays street department can wreck Wednesdays verse. where and when are you, anywho?"

At first I crumpled in despair against the shuddering vibes of my VW steering wheel, but as I jarred into the Juco entrance with a clump and bore down on the right angle turn that I conscientiously do not avoid

(continued page 6)



JIMMY AWARDS: ¢¢¢

(continued from page 1)
for movie making fans, CCC offers several classifications: MOVIES Cinematography, $5; Editing, $5; Sound-track, $5; Over-all first place film, $10; Second place film, $5; ($30 total Movie division).

SHORT STORIES Plotting, $5; Characterization: Male, $5, Female, $5; Imagery and Symbolism, $5; Over-all, $10. ($30 total Short Story division). Short stories are to be 1000 words or more.

SHORT-SHORT (less than 1000 words). Plotting, $5; Imagery and Symbolism, $5; Over-all, $5. ($15 total Short-short division).

POETRY (over 20 lines). First, $10; Second, $5; Third, $2.50; Fourth, $1.25; Fifth, $1.25; Under 20 lines, same as above (Total $40 Poetry division).

REVIEWS (300 words or more) Movies, $5; Books, $5; Records, $5 ($15 total Reviews division).

PERSUASIVE ESSAYS Over 300 words, $5; Under 300 words, $5. (Total $10 Persuasive essay division).

CARTOONS One frame, $5; more than one frame, $5. ($10 total cartoon division).

PHOTOGRAPHS $5

TAPES (Under 15 minutes) Original comic, $5; Original musical, $5; Interpretive musical group, $5; Interpretive musical solo, $5. ($20 total tapes division).

ART Pen or pencil: First prize, $3.00; Second prize, $2.00; Water Color: First prize, $3.00; Second prize, $2.00; Oils: First prize, $5.00; Second prize, $2.50; Prints: First prize, $5.00; Second prize, $2.50. ($25 total Art division).

$205.00 TOTAL IN AWARDS

DEADLINE TO SUBMIT MATERIAL: MAY 18 IN SPOON RIVER 118 TO MR. STOBART 3:30 pm

hymn to houbolt, ccc awards,

(continued from page 5)
(always thinking "What a good boy I am!") I had another startling mind bender (Kudas to Motor Sports Club), "Life is earnest. Life is real. It's a long road to the grave." And that road was real and I had been earnest about my poem.

In my mail that day was a letter from a friendly student from last semester who now lives at 2 Panoramic Way, Apt. 13, in Berkeley (Carolyn Stevens wants correspondents). I thought the address rather ominous, but before I opened the letter, I found the following semi-anonymous (initialed) poem printed for me to see:

Smoky minds/ in smoke filled rooms/ Let me inside.../ I dont want to barge in/ just want to be there.../ to say some word/ you need to hear. The misty veil.../ Is it my fault?/ I try,/ but perhaps too many fears/ inhibit me. Maybe I'm afraid/ to let you know/ what a fool/ I really/ am. This poem bothered me because I interpreted it as a personal appeal to me for opening myself to someone, and I try to shut out no one. Anyway, why should any student who can write this well be afraid of barging in and perhaps, being a fool? Certainly no fool wrote that poem in the relative sense of the people I know. What had my friend in Berkeley to say? Well, she's happy and well, working for a brokerage firm. Somewhat apologetic for this turn of affairs, she rationalizes, "Money is money!"

Well, I had been thinking about scrapping my "Hymn to Houbolt," as I do most of my writing, out of fear of letting you know what a fool I am. Then I would be as impotent as poor old Sammler and almost identical in my thinking as that anonymous poem. Wouldnt it be better for me to take a look around and then act as relevantly as my feeble gifts would allow?

As I glanced over the "Hymn to Houbolt," a shocked feminine "What's that!" startled me back to reality. It turned out, truth always being stranger than fiction, that Mr. Houbolt's niece had walked into my office just at that moment and seen the title. She asked if I would mind her bringing the poem to the attention of her uncle, which she consequently did, and now he wants a copy when it's finished.

Now, nothing whatsoever may come of this, but then again maybe someone of Mr. Houbolt's eminence could somehow cut through some of the red tape concerning Houbolt Road and either speed up or improve the ultimate product. Even if this doesnt happen, at any rate, this experience convinced me to go ahead with a project I had been pondering, the CCC Awards, to be called the Jimmy Awards in honor of Jim Ridings.

Maybe the contest will spark some Juco student to try his hand at creating a movie, play, story, poem, tape, painting, etc. that he otherwise would not have attempted. Maybe it will cause this hypothetical creator to polish up something that he had cast aside as worthless. Maybe the awards will become a new tradition at Juco that will stimulate many students in years to come.

Cash prizes will be awarded in categories listed. Perhaps, more important, the winners and losers alike will have looked around them and done something about what they saw or felt. Perhaps a continuing tradition of responsible involvement will be enhanced by the CCC Awards.